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SERMONS

ON THE

SEASONS.

PREACHED

IN A

COUNTRY PARISH,

In the YEAR 1792.

SHERBORNE: Printed by GOADBY and LERPINIERE.

M.DCCXCIII.

*** The Reader, who is acquainted with STURM's "Reflections on the Works of God," will obſerve that a free Uſe has been made of them in the following Diſcourſes, which are printed at the Requeſt of ſeveral Perſons to whom they were preached.

SERMONS, &c.

ON THE SPRING.

Solomon's Song, Ch. ii. Ver. 11, 12.

Lo, the Winter is paſt, the Rain is over and gone. The Flowers appear on the Earth; the Time of the ſinging of Birds is come.

THAT ſeaſon of the year, which we call *the Spring*, has charms which are felt in every heart; all mankind behold its approach with joy, and promiſe themſelves much pleaſure from it. Encouraged by the hope of Spring, we have patiently borne the ſeverities of Winter, and now ſee that hope moſt pleaſingly realized. But lately, the whole ſurface of the earth was barren and deſart. The vallies, the proſpect of which now gives us ſo

much pleaſure, were buried in ſnow; the rivers and ſtreams, which now pleaſingly murmur as they flow, were ſtopped in their courſes; the trees diſcovered nothing but leafleſs branches; the birds, who now fill the air with their muſic, were mute; and, as far as the eye could ſtretch, all was melancholy ſilence. But, in this beautiful ſeaſon, the ſky becomes ſerene, and the air more mild; the earth penetrated by the quickening warmth of the ſun, reaſſumes her ornaments, and the whole face of nature is renewed and embelliſhed. The ſeaſons, as they change, bring with them an agreeable variety, and each of them is diſtinguiſhed by peculiar pleaſures; but, of all others, this, the youth of the juſt ripening year, moſt univerſally delights us: all is beauty to the eye, and all muſic to the ear.

That we may be the more ſtrongly impreſſed with a reverential admiration of that GOD whoſe power and goodneſs are ſo pleaſingly manifeſted at this ſeaſon, let us conſider ſome of the various beauties and bleſſings of the Spring.

He who has any taſte for the beauties of nature can never want pure and ſincere pleaſures in this ſeaſon. The clear unclouded ſky is his canopy, and the earth, enamelled with flowers, is his carpet; the cattle expreſs, in the beſt manner they can, the ſpirit and the joy with which they are animated; the fiſh,

from

from being frozen and motionleſs, have recovered their former vivacity, and, riſing to the ſurface of the water, agreeably amuſe our ſight; whilſt the air reſounds with the ſongs of birds, whoſe concerts are hymns of joy to their Creator, expreſſive of their happineſs and love. Such is the general bliſs which the lengthening ſun produces; every thing that breathes rejoices in its rays, and we, every where, trace its enlivening powers and happy effects.

Is it poſſible that, at the ſight and enjoyment of ſuch objects, the heart ſhould not beat high with grateful tranſport? Or can the mind have a more pleaſing employment than that of contemplating and praiſing the greatneſs of the Creator's wiſdom, and the beauty of his works? Never ought we to breathe the refreſhing air of this ſeaſon, without recollecting that it is God who clothes the woods and meadows with their beautiful verdure, gives life and happineſs to every creature, and through whom we enjoy the ſweets and the comforts of returning *Spring*.

There is not a field which does not now preſent a beautiful landſcape to the eye. We ſee on all ſides a multitude of flowers in the bud, their ſweets, as it were, locked up, and their charms concealed; but the all-enlivening heat of the ſun will ſoon open them, cauſe them to bloom and bloſſom, and equally delight

delight and ſurpriſe us with the variety of their beauties: for how much ſoever we may admire the prodigious number of flowers, their variety is, perhaps, more aſtoniſhing. Certainly nothing but a Divine Power could cauſe ſuch numbers to grow, and this power muſt be equalled by wiſdom to produce ſuch endleſs variety. Each has ſomething peculiar to itſelf; and it is an act of divine goodneſs thus to have varied them, and added that charm to their other perfections. If they had all been perfectly alike, the ſameneſs would have diſguſted us; and, if Summer produced no flowers but ſuch as the Spring affords, we ſhould ſoon be tired of cultivating them. With what wiſdom has the Creator planned his works; all wonderfully various, all completely perfect; in all the agreeable and the uſeful are united.

We may alſo find many reaſons to admire the wiſdom and goodneſs of the Creator in the *ſucceſſion* of flowers. Theſe beautiful children of nature appear not all at once, but in a regular ſucceſſion; the time is fixed in which one is to unfold its leaves, another to bloſſom, and a third to fade. Each month diſplays ornaments peculiar to itſelf. And it is for very kind purpoſes that, on the return of Spring, each plant and flower ſhould open its leaves, and bloſſom at the time, and in the order, appointed: The Creator thus favours us with a regular train of

benefits,

benefits, and not only multiplies, but renders them perpetual; for, although there are always ſome flowers fading, there are new ones continually ſpringing up, to adorn the face of the earth, and enliven our journey through life.

Let it alſo be remembered that, to the pleaſure which we receive from the wonderful variety and regular ſucceſſion of flowers, GOD has alſo been pleaſed graciouſly to add the charm of ſweet perfume, and to give as much variety to their ſmell as to their forms; and though we cannot exactly tell in what the difference conſiſts, yet we perceive it very ſenſibly, in going from flower to flower: and it is remarkable that this ſmell is not ſo ſtrong as to affect the head diſagreeably, or ſo weak as to loſe its pleaſing effect. Thus all the ſenſations that flowers can give contribute to our happineſs; they all combine to fill our mind with the pureſt delights, and to lead our hearts to GOD: And, if there were no other proofs on earth of the power and wiſdom of the Creator, the flowers of the Spring alone would be ſufficient.

The leaves of trees and plants alſo, common as they are, and of how little value ſoever they may ſeem, form, at this ſeaſon, one of the beauties of nature; our impatience to ſee them, and our joy when they appear, prove ſufficiently that they are a great

great ornament to our gardens, fields, and woods. This, however, is the leaſt of the advantages which ariſe from leaves.

The nouriſhment of plants and trees proceeds, in a great meaſure, from their leaves, which imbibe moiſture, and receive thoſe refreſhing dews, that, falling upon the upper leaves, water thoſe beneath them, and thus none of the nouriſhing juice is loſt. Leaves alſo contribute to the preſervation of thoſe buds of trees which are to ſhoot in the following year, for the eye of the bud is already under the leaf, and is guarded and preſerved by it; as we ſee many trees wither and die, when their leaves are gathered. This ſhould teach us that the leaſt of God's works has been planned with wiſdom; that there is not a ſingle leaf which is a mere ornament, but that they all contribute to the fruitfulneſs of the earth, and the ſupport of its inhabitants.

In the bloſſoms of trees we may alſo obſerve an infinite variety; all are beautiful, but their beauties are all different. This difference, however, does not, in any degree, affect either their value, or their uſefulneſs: and from hence we ſhould learn a leſſon of contentment. If we have not the advantages which others poſſeſs; if we are not as rich, or as beautiful, we ſhould neither be diſturbed nor diſcouraged; we may be ſtill as virtuous and as happy.

And

And when we reflect that all these dazzling beauties, which we admire in the blossoms of trees, will very soon disappear, we should be careful so to live as that, when the bloom of health, and other outward advantages, are no more, we may supply their places with the fair fruits of virtue and piety: remembering that a blighted Spring makes a barren year; and that, however beautiful and gay its flowers may be, they are only intended by nature to prepare the fruits of Autumn.

The text also reminds us of another pleasure attending the return of Spring; "the time of the "singing of Birds is come:" the soft air of the Spring awakens the winged songsters, the variety of whose music charms the ear, and fills the soul with a sweet and a serene pleasure. These splendid inhabitants of air possess all those qualities that can soothe the heart, and please the fancy; the brightest colours; the roundest forms; the most lively manners; and the sweetest music: They enliven our walks; and, throughout all the retreats of retirement, fill our hearts with gaiety, and give harmony to meditation.

Another advantage arising from the Spring is, that it furnishes us with an opportunity of observing the industry and labours of the *Bees*; who give us an example of diligence which is not only uncom-

mon, but, perhaps, unequalled. They appear as ſoon as Winter is paſt, and, even before the juices of thoſe flowers which begin to bloſſom have been ſufficiently ripened to furniſh honey, gather ſome little Food; but their cares and activity increaſe, as the ſeaſon advances; they do all they can, and deſpiſe not ſmall gains, if they can increaſe their ſtores a little. They are, probably, the only inſects who lay up proviſion for the winter, knowing that they can gather no more when the ſeaſon of flowers is paſt; and having then no reſources for ſubſiſtence but ſuch as they have already collected.

But it is not ſufficient that we admire the activity of theſe little creatures; it ought to inſpire us with emulation, and ſerve us as a model. There are, indeed, no inſects around us who can afford us more pleaſing, or more uſeful, leſſons. Inſignificant as they may ſeem, we may learn from them virtues on which the happineſs of our lives greatly depends. A hive is a ſchool to which many of the human ſpecies ought to be ſent. All the virtues are conſpicuous in the bees: they are never idle, and all labour for the public good; they live in union and harmony; are ſtrictly united and perfectly happy; they enrich themſelves without robbing others; and are all obedient and ſubmiſſive to the laws of the community. If we compare human ſocieties with this, we muſt

bluſh

bluſh and be aſhamed; particularly if we recollect that we have much ſtronger reaſons for the performance of our duties than theſe inſects; as the fruit of our labours extends not to days and years only, but to eternity.

This ſeaſon of the year ſeems peculiarly formed for piety. That chearfulneſs of heart which ſprings up in us from a ſurvey of the beauties of nature is an admirable preparation for gratitude; and it ſeems reaſonable to ſuppoſe that each field ſhould be to us a temple, where we ſhould offer up to our Creator praiſe and thankſgiving; where each thought and each action ſhould tend to his glory, and thus convert a common walk into a morning or an evening ſacrifice. But we daily ſee the ingratitude of man to his heavenly Benefactor. Yet how is it poſſible for us, at this ſeaſon, to forget our Creator, who ſhews himſelf to us in each blade of graſs and each flower of the field; who addreſſes himſelf, in the mild and perſuaſive language of renovated nature, to our ſenſes, our reaſon, and all our faculties? Let us liſten to her language and we ſhall never be inſenſible or ungrateful. When we find ourſelves pleaſed with the beauties of the creation, let us conſider to whom we are indebted for all this entertainment; who it is that openeth his hand and filleth the world with good. We ſhall never truly enjoy this ſeaſon 'till, by fixing our attention on the

works of the Creator, we learn to trace out his power and goodneſs; and to be careful not to make a bad uſe of the bleſſings of Spring, by indulging pleaſures which lead to folly and ſin.

Yet Spring, though the ſeaſon of hope, ſupplies us alſo with images of frailty and death, which are connected with almoſt every beauty of nature. Spring is the ſeaſon in which plants receive a new life; and in which moſt of them periſh. We ſee the trees full of bloſſoms, and abounding with beauties; but all theſe ſhewy ornaments will die in the ſame ſeaſon which gave them birth. Let every one, in theſe bloſſoms, behold an image of himſelf; and recollect that of thoſe days of youth, which we call the Spring ſeaſon of life, nothing but a melancholy remembrance remains, unleſs he has made a good uſe of them.

But, although theſe thoughts ought to make us ſerious, we ſhould notwithſtanding enjoy both the Spring of nature and the pleaſures of life, as they are beſtowed upon us by our gracious Creator; mixing, at the ſame time, with theſe enjoyments ſuch reflections as ariſe from the nature of Spring and of life. The thought of death is very conſiſtent with every innocent pleaſure; far from cauſing melancholy, it ſhould teach us to rejoice in the Lord; ſhould guard us againſt a bad uſe of earthly

pleaſures,

pleaſures, and inſpire us with a deſire of uninterrupted and everlaſting happineſs.

Laſtly, let us recollect that, as the flowers which we ſo much admire in the Spring were once coarſe and ungraceful roots; but, in their appointed time, bloom, delight our ſenſes, and adorn the earth with an infinite variety of charms; this affords us a beautiful repreſentation of the ſtate of our re-animated bodies; which, although, whilſt in the grave, an object of horror, will experience, at the reſurrection, a moſt aſtoniſhing change; that which "was ſown in diſhonour ſhall be raiſed in glory;" "the corruptible will put on incorruption; the "mortal be clothed with immortality;" and ſhine as the brightneſs of the firmament in the new heavens and the new earth, where a perpetual and unfading Spring flouriſhes.

ON THE SUMMER.

Pſalm lxxiv. Ver. 17.

Thou haſt made Summer.

SUMMER is the ſeaſon in which the Creator pours forth the treaſures of his bleſſings in the greateſt abundance. Nature, after having charmed us with the pleaſures of Spring, is continually employed, during the Summer, in providing every thing to pleaſe our ſenſes; ſupply our wants; and awaken in our hearts ſentiments of gratitude. Whereſoever we go; whether we climb the hills; range the vallies; or ſeek the ſhade of the foreſts; a variety of beauties preſent themſelves to us; all different from each other, but each poſſeſſed of charms ſufficient to engage our attention. If we lift up our eyes, we are delighted with the radiance of the ſky; if we fix them on the earth, they are refreſhed by the beautiful verdure with which it is clothed; and preſented with a moſt agreeable variety of flowers. The pleaſing notes and the various melody of birds, fill our hearts with a ſweet and innocent

nocent delight; and the gentle murmurs of brooks and rivers are highly pleaſing to the ear. Lofty trees and groves afford us agreeable ſhades; and the fields and gardens ſupply us with a great variety of different fruits, that begin now daily to ripen; and which, beſides pleaſing the eye and the taſte, are very refreſhing to the body: In ſhort, all that we ſee or hear; taſte or ſmell; increaſes our pleaſures, and contributes to our happineſs. But, in order to be more ſenſible of the goodneſs, wiſdom, and power of the Creator, in his appointment of Summer; let us attend to ſome acts of his providence which are more particularly viſible at this ſeaſon.

And, in the firſt place, let me direct your attention to a bleſſing, common indeed, and therefore little regarded; but a bleſſing, in itſelf invaluable, and abſolutely neceſſary to our ſupport and continuance in life: namely, *Wheat*. Let us caſt our eyes on a field of wheat, and calculate, if we can, the millions of ears of corn which cover one ſingle field; and then reflect on the goodneſs of GOD who thus plenteouſly rewardeth the labours of men, by ſupplying them with ſuch an abundance of this moſt neceſſary of all food. Let us alſo conſider the wiſdom which is diſplayed in the production of this precious grain. We ſow it in the ground, at a certain time, (and that is all that we can do) and, as ſoon as the earth ſupplies it with a ſufficient moiſture,

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it ſwells and burſts the outer coat, which covered the root, the ſtalk, and the leaves: The root then pierces the earth, and prepares nouriſhment for the ſtalk, which, though it appears very weak, is ſtrong enough to endure the ſeverity of the ſeaſon. By degrees it attains its proper height, and produces an ear of corn; which is incloſed in leaves that ſerve to protect it, and armed with points, to ſecure it from the birds. It ſeems, at firſt view, impoſſible that ſo ſlender a ſtalk, which grows four or five feet high, ſhould ſupport itſelf, and bear up its fruitful head, without ſinking beneath the weight, or being beat down by the wind. But the Creator has wiſely prevented this, by furniſhing the ſtalk with four very ſtrong knots, which ſtrengthen it, but, at the ſame time, leave it the power of bending without breaking. If the ſtalk was weaker, the wind would break it; if ſtronger, birds might perch in it, and peck out the grain; if it was harder and ſtiffer, it might, indeed, reſiſt all weather, but would it then ſerve, as it often does, as a bed for the poor? To preſerve the tender ſprouts from accidents which might deſtroy them at their birth, the two upper leaves of the ſtalk unite cloſely at the top, both to protect it, and to draw nouriſhing juices; but as ſoon as the ſtem is large enough to ſupply the grain with ſufficient juices, the leaves drop off, that the root may have nothing more to nouriſh than is neceſſary. The grain then appears, and thrives till

the appointed time; growing every day more yellow, until, ſinking at laſt beneath the weight of its precious treaſure, it bends the head of itſelf to the ſickle; and the joy that ſparkles in the farmer's eyes, the joy of harveſt, is a hymn of gratitude to the God of Goodneſs.

From this life-ſupporting grain we are ſupplied with that food which is moſt common, and moſt wholeſome. Bread is as neceſſary at the table of a prince as at that of a labourer; and the ſick perſon is as much refreſhed by it as the healthy. A very plain proof that bread is neceſſary for man is, that it is almoſt the only food we do not diſlike, though we eat it every day; and the man who has made it his daily food for ſeventy years, ſtill eats it with pleaſure, though he has loſt his reliſh for all other food. We ought, therefore, each day to praiſe our Creator for this bleſſing; and to remember that he is unworthy of the bread which he eats who is unthankful for it.

At this ſeaſon of the year we have alſo an opportunity of obſerving the aſtoniſhing wiſdom and power of the Creator in a vaſt variety of inſects. Wherever we go, which way ſoever we look, they preſent themſelves to our view; and contribute, like the birds, to baniſh ſolitude from our walks, and to fill up our leiſure hours with the moſt pleaſing contemplations:

contemplations: For we may trace the hand of God as clearly and as fully in the ſmalleſt inſect that crawleth on the earth, as in the huge elephant, or the whale that lies, like an iſland, in the water.

The number of inſects is, perhaps, infinite; ſome millions are known; but, at preſent, I ſhall confine my obſervations to two very remarkable ones, only ſeen in the ſummer; the Ant and the Caterpillar.

Ants are famous from all antiquity for their ſocial and induſtrious habits; they have long been offered as a pattern of frugality to the extravagant, and of unceaſing diligence to the ſluggard.

"The ants," ſay the Scriptures, "are a people "not ſtrong, yet are they exceeding wiſe; having "no guide, overſeer, or ruler, they provide their "meat in Summer, and gather their food in har-"veſt." Their labour and diligence in collecting their ſtores is wonderful; they are often ſeen to carry, and ſometimes puſh before them, grains of corn, or inſects, much larger than themſelves; if one faints beneath his load, another haſtens to his aſſiſtance; if any thing is too heavy for one, and cannot be divided, ſeveral of them join to force it along. In gathering their ſtores the loaded ants go one way, and the unloaded another, that they may

not interrupt each other; and in the whole ſociety there is not one idle, but every one contributes ſomething to the common ſtock.

May we not learn from theſe little creatures, who inſtruct not by voice, but by example, an uſeful leſſon? Life hath its ſeaſons, like the year; the time of health and ſtrength may be conſidered as its Summer; and if we then labour, like the ant, we ſhall not only contribute to the public good, but, probably, acquire a comfortable proviſion againſt the Winter of life, when eaſe and reſt will be very agreeable to us.

Caterpillars are creatures very diſagreeable to many perſons, who deſtroy them wherever they meet with them; and, ſo far from conſidering them with attention, will ſcarcely look at them; yet, were we attentively to conſider them, we ſhould not ſurely trample them under foot without obſerving their wonderful formation, and taking occaſion from thence to look up to their Creator.

Caterpillars are hatched from the eggs of butterflies. During the Winter they remain in an egg ſtate, lifeleſs; but the ſame vivifying ſun that puſhes out the budding leaf and the opening flower, and cauſes the ſwelling acorn to give birth to the ſpreading oak, calls the caterpillar alſo into life, to ſhare the

the banquet that nature has provided for her children. Its life, however, ſeems one continual ſucceſſion of changes; and, towards the end of the Summer, after having changed its ſkin ſeveral times, it ceaſes to eat, and is employed in building a retreat, in which it quits the life and form of a caterpillar, and is changed into a butterfly. But the caterpillar, and the butterfly that comes from it, appear to be two very different animals: The former was rough and diſagreeable; the latter is adorned with the livelieſt and moſt beautiful colours, and diſtinguiſhed by ornaments which man can never hope to acquire: the former crawled ſluggiſhly on the earth, a mean-looking worm, often in danger of being cruſhed, and feeding on groſs food; whilſt the ſkies are the proper habitation of the latter, who ſports in the ſun-beams, diſplays his golden wings, triumphs in exiſtence, and needs no other food than the dews of Heaven, and the honeyed juices which are drawn from the flowers. Who is it that hath raiſed this inſect above the earth, enabled it to live in the air, and beſtowed upon it ſuch a profuſion of beauties? The Maker of the butterfly and of man—who has ſhewn us, in this extraordinary inſect, the wonderful change that awaits ourſelves.

It is likewiſe to be obſerved, that the beneficent Being who gives wiſdom to man, hath alſo informed the butterfly how to ſecure its poſterity in ſafety, by covering

covering the eggs from which they ſpring with a ſort of paſte ſo cloſely that the rain cannot penetrate, nor the common cold of winter kill the young contained in them. And we may further remark that butterflies, as well as other inſects, conſtantly lay their eggs on ſuch plants as will afford their young neceſſary food, when they are firſt hatched and too weak to ſearch for it. Hence we ſhould learn to admire the wiſdom of Providence; to cheriſh the love of poſterity, and to remember what we owe to ſociety.

Diſcontent is ſaid to be the moſt general evil that troubles the life of man; and even at this ſeaſon, when nature preſents every where chearful ſcenes, there are ſome who murmur and complain. The heat of the Summer diſpleaſes many; they complain greatly of it as weakening and rendering them incapable of labour. But can any man ſeriouſly wiſh the Summer leſs warm? Becauſe the heat may, ſometimes, be a little inconvenient, would we wiſh the fruits which are to ſerve for our proviſion in the Winter not to ripen? Let us not forget that heat and cold are diſtributed to us in the wiſeſt proportion; and that the Summer nights bring with them a coolneſs which revives languiſhing plants, and ſo refreſhes weakened animals that they forget the heat and fatigue of the day. If we ſtudied the order, the beauty, and perfection of the creation as attentively

attentively as we ought, we ſhould ceaſe thoſe murmurings, which prove us equally ignorant and ungrateful; and be convinced that, if we could alter any ſingle part of that great machine, the world, we ſhould do much miſchief, but could make nothing better.

Summer alſo, ſay others, would be delightful, if thunder ſtorms did not terrify us. The fear of thunder is perhaps, chiefly, owing to an opinion that it is the effect of the wrath of Heaven; the miniſter of the Almighty's vengeance: But if we conſidered how much theſe ſtorms contributed to purify the air, and render the earth fruitful, we ſhould regard them as bleſſings, more formed to inſpire gratitude than terror. They ſometimes indeed do miſchief, but fear greatly magnifies the danger. There is, generally, ſome ſpace of time between the lightning and the thunder, and whoever has time to fear is already out of danger; for the lightning alone is fatal: The thunder, when the flaſh of lightning is paſt, is as harmleſs as the ſound of a cannon. Superſtition and fear would ſoon be at an end, if we reflected more attentively on the courſe of nature, or conſulted thoſe who are well informed on the ſubject. But, if we cannot conquer the fear of thunder, let us endeavour to keep a conſcience void of offence. The righteous man, calm and compoſed, fears nothing but his GOD; and when the

thunder

thunder roars, he trembles not, but looks up with humble and ſtedfaſt confidence to Him who commands the ſtorm, and who, under appearances moſt dreadful, is allgracious to hear, and almighty to protect.

The awful ſcenes of ſtorm and tempeſt, thunder and lightning, are ſometimes preſented to our eyes to teach us the majeſty and greatneſs of the Creator; but in theſe, as well as in more pleaſing and chearful ſcenes, GOD appears as the friend and benefactor of mankind; and this is the ſeaſon in which all nature furniſhes the moſt ſtriking proofs of it; when every thing combines to pleaſe and to ſupport us. But the time will ſoon come when nature will loſe much of her beauty and variety, and appear in a more gloomy form: She has now almoſt ended her annual labour, and the nearer we approach to Autumn the more do the enjoyments which ariſe from the various melody of birds, and the chearful ſcenes of flowery meadows and gardens leſſen; and the ground is every where ſtrewed with faded and dead flowers. See we not here a picture of our life? "All fleſh is graſs, and "all the glory of man as the flower of the field; "the graſs wi-"thereth, and the flower thereof falleth away." Let us then be wiſe enough to ſeek our happineſs in laſting bleſſings. Wiſdom and virtue never fade; they are unceaſing ſources of endleſs joy.

To

To conclude.

What we obſerve in the Summer of nature, we may obſerve alſo in the Summer of life. When we have reached our fortieth year, which is the beginning of a riper age, the world loſes part of its charms; and, when we approach the autumn of life, we become a prey to cares, and are leſs calm and ſerene, leſs lively and joyous than we were; we find our ſtrength grow leſs, and there come days when we ſay we have no pleaſure in them. Let us therefore enjoy this Summer as if it was to be our laſt; and ſo live as to have no reaſon to lament our having ſo often ſeen the return of this ſeaſon.

ON THE AUTUMN.

Daniel, Ch. ii. Ver. 20, 21.

Bleſſed be the Name of God for ever and ever, for Wiſdom and Might are his, and he changeth the Times and the Seaſons.

IF the variation of the ſeaſons did not awaken our recollection of the flight of time, we ſhould, probably, not obſerve the ſucceſſion of its different parts; but paſs our days and months and years thoughtleſs of the paſt, and careleſs of the future. The gradual and elegantly varied change of ſeaſons is, therefore, a proof of the goodneſs of GOD, and may be a means of our own happineſs.

It is impoſſible to aſcribe this variation to chance, (fortuitous events having neither order nor conſtancy), as, in every country, the ſeaſons ſucceed each other in the moſt regular manner, and exactly at the time appointed: and, as order is the great law which the Creator has laid down for the government of the world, it is our duty to ſtudy the order

and perfection of his works; and, in every ſeaſon of the year, to trace his wiſdom and goodneſs.

At that ſeaſon, indeed, which is called Autumn, or more generally, in common language, *the Fall of the Year*, we ſee little that recals to our minds the univerſal joy which lately reigned through all animated nature. We no longer behold the charms of Spring, or the magnificence of Summer; the earth, no longer exhibiting that beautiful appearance which the graſs, the flowers, and the corn lately gave it, preſents little more to our eye than a dead, yellowiſh hue; the woods and gardens are ſtripped of that great ornament, their leaves; ſcarce any traces of the golden harveſts remain; the fields, which have beſtowed ſuch abundance upon us, promiſe no more this year; the winged ſongſters are ſilent, and even the ſun, when it ſhines, appears not in its uſual glory. Unthinking and ungrateful men, forgetting what they have ſo lately and ſo plenteouſly received, complain of theſe things; but wiſer and well-diſpoſed perſons obſerving that nature faithfully fulfils the eternal law of being always uſeful, reflect with gratitude on the months that are lately paſt, and bleſs the Parent of Nature, who has "crowned the year "with his goodneſs."

Although the abſence of the ſun muſt, neceſſarily, diminiſh our pleaſures, yet the man who finds happineſs

neſs in the happineſs of his fellow creatures, will reflect with delight that, when the ſun is far from us, and the cold binds up our lands, there are ſome countries where the inhabitants are enjoying all the beauties of Spring, and others where they are gathering rich harveſts; that the Creator, by the change of ſeaſons, has diſpenſed the ſame favours to all, at different times; and that his impartial love extends itſelf to every creature, without regard to rank or nation.

Stripped and deſart as the earth is, it ſtill preſents to a feeling mind the image of happineſs; we may recollect that the fields, which are now barren, were lately covered with plentiful harveſts; and the remembrance of what they have beſtowed upon us ſhould ſilence the murmurs of thoſe whom it has cheared and nouriſhed.

Indeed we yet continue to receive pleaſure from a variety of fruits which the goodneſs of God laviſhes upon us in great abundance. Calculate, if poſſible, the fruit which one hundred trees bear in a favourable ſeaſon, and you will be aſtoniſhed at the increaſe. What was the deſign of ſuch abundance? If the preſervation and increaſe of trees only was the intention, a much leſs quantity would have been ſufficient. It is, therefore, evident that the Creator deſigned to provide food for man, and particularly for

for the poor, whom an abundance of fruit furniſhes with cheap means of a ſubſiſtence which is not only agreeable, wholeſome, and refreſhing, but is alſo very uſeful in a medicinal way. And it is a farther inſtance of the goodneſs of God that theſe fruits are beſtowed upon us in a gradual manner, and with the moſt wiſe œconomy; that, on the one hand, too great an abundance may not be a load to us; and, on the other, that we may receive a conſtant ſucceſſion and variety of enjoyments. In proportion, indeed, as we advance in winter, the number of fruits begins to diminiſh; but art has taught us to preſerve them in that ſeaſon alſo; and notwithſtanding the ravages of birds and inſects, there ſtill remains a ſufficient quantity for the uſe of man.

Thus God, like a tender parent, provides not only for the ſupport of his creatures, but alſo for their pleaſure. Shall we not, then, be highly blameable if the enjoyment of the bleſſings, which we owe to the munificence of our Creator, does not produce in us grateful reflections, and thus ſanctify the pleaſures of Autumn?

It is alſo a proof of the wiſdom and goodneſs of the Creator that the weather grows gradually cold. Was the earth *ſuddenly* to be deprived of the Summer's heat, it would be fatal to our gardens and fields. All plants would periſh. Spring would produce no flowers,

flowers, nor Summer any fruit. It is by no means, therefore, of little conſequence that, from the end of Summer to the beginning of Winter, the heat ſhould *gradually* give place to the cold: Theſe inſenſible changes were neceſſary for the preſervation of the fruits of the earth; and not for this only, but alſo for the prevention of the diſorder, perhaps the deſtruction, of the human frame.

With what kindneſs, therefore, has our Creator guarded our health and lives, by granting us ſuch a temperature of air, during the months immediately following Summer, as prepares us, by degrees, to bear the increaſe of cold without any bad effect!

There are alſo many other creatures who, if the Winter was to come without any preparation on them, would be unable to endure it. Two thirds of the inſects and birds would be deſtroyed in one night: But now, by the gradual progreſs of cold, they have time to make the neceſſary preparations againſt it. The increaſing cold of autumn warns them to ſeek places where they may ſleep quietly and ſecurely during the ſevere ſeaſon, or to remove into warmer countries.

The *migration of birds* is as aſtoniſhing as any thing in the whole compaſs of nature; and in this we may diſcover the wiſe and kind direction of Providence,

vidence, and the wonderful means which God employs to preſerve many birds, and point out their ſubſiſtence to them, when it fails in ſome countries. They, regularly, aſſemble at a certain time, in order to depart all together; not a deſerter is ſeen on the day that ſucceeds their departure; and every circumſtance of their journey has ſomething in it almoſt miraculous: We are at a loſs which moſt to admire, the force that ſuſtains them in ſo long a paſſage, or the order in which the whole is accompliſhed. It is truly wonderful that theſe creatures ſhould know the moſt proper time for their paſſage. The difference of heat and cold, and the want of food, may incline them to change their habitation; but how comes it to paſs that, when the air is ſo mild that they might remain, and find food enough, they never fail to depart at the appointed time? Or how do they know that they ſhall find food, and a proper degree of heat in other countries? Shall we ſuppoſe that they have any remembrance of the country where they paſſed a former Winter; that they ſee the land to which they go from their height in the air; that they follow the weather, and continue their flight 'till they find a climate ſuitable to their preſent diſpoſition; or, rather, that, like ſhoals of fiſh, they purſue their prey? Their food is inſects; with which, in Summer evenings, our atmoſphere abounds; and birds, who prey upon them, come hither in the Summer, becauſe our air is moiſter than that of ſome other

other countries, and therefore produces multitudes of theſe inſects; but, on the approach of cold weather, they die, and then theſe birds neceſſarily quit us, and follow their food.

But that theſe creatures, who are void of reaſon, ſhould know ſo exactly the way they are to go; ſhould do, what man cannot do, ſteer their courſe unerringly over ſeas and lands, and complete their long journey without aſſiſtance, without a guide, without proviſions, in the moſt regular order, through rains, and winds, and darkneſs; that they ſhould fly in large companies, in order to be leſs liable to be driven out of their courſe by ſtorms; and that, when the wind is contrary, they ſhould wait 'till it changes, are circumſtances really aſtoniſhing; and they furniſh a remarkable inſtance of a powerful inſtinct impreſſed on them by the Creator, who is their pilot and preſerver. The conſideration of theſe wonderful circumſtances, may employ, in a very pleaſing manner, thoſe whoſe hearts are diſpoſed to the contemplation of the works of nature, and raiſe them to ſtill nobler views; to the adoration of *Him* from whom theſe creatures have received their faculties, and who has prepared and combined ſo many things for the ſupport and increaſe of this part of his creation.

This, likewiſe, is the ſeaſon in which great part of the food for ourſelves, and many other creatures, is committed to the earth. The farmer now ſows his winter corn; he leaves his grain to corruption, to the rain, the ſtorms, and the ſun, and knows not what will be the event: for, after all his labours, man can do nothing, but as an inſtrument in the hand of Providence, towards the production of a plentiful harveſt, or even of a ſingle ear of corn. "Except the Lord bleſs the ground, your labour is "but loſt that till it; it is in vain that ye haſte to "riſe early, late take reſt, and eat the bread of "carefulneſs;" if God does not cauſe his ſun to ſhine, and his rain to fall in their ſeaſon, your ſtrength, in the very juſt repreſentation of the prophet, is but "to ſit ſtill." Man ſoweth, but God giveth the increaſe; and, when men have done all that is in their power, God ſupplieth whatever is beyond their ability. In the Winter, whilſt the huſbandman reſteth from his labours, the Almighty covereth the precious ſeed, as with a garment; deſtroys, by froſt, the weeds that would oppreſs the riſing ſtalk, or draw off its nouriſhing ſap; and cauſeth it, gradually, to ſpread a beautiful verdure over the face of the earth, giving the promiſe of a plentiful harveſt: In the Summer, he warms it by the beams of the ſun, and refreſhes it by rain; and thus all nature, in every ſeaſon, tends to the general good, and the fruitfulneſs of the earth, under the

direction

direction of the God of Seaſons. And, the more ſtrongly to impreſs you with the conviction of this important truth, GOD is ſometimes pleaſed to diſappoint your expectations; by firſt ſending, as the effect of your induſtry, a plentiful crop; and then, as a puniſhment for your ungrateful inattention to his providence, denying you the opportunity to "eat thereof."

And, ſurely, when creatures forget their dependence upon their Creator, it is proper that they ſhould be awakened to a ſenſe of their duty by chaſtiſements affecting them in the very inſtance of their forgetfulneſs and ingratitude; to convince them that the ſucceſs of their labours depends entirely upon Providence; and that, although the fruits of the earth may be called their's, the ſeaſons for gathering them are GOD's.

Remember (ye are, moſt of you, huſbandmen) that ye are placed, as it were, nearer to the Creator than many others; through all the variety of the ſeaſons, ye ſee him, amidſt your *labours*, "viſiting "the earth and bleſſing it, making it very plen-"teous." One would, therefore, naturally conclude that huſbandmen ſhould be particularly religious, and that ye would give continual thanks to your heavenly benefactor; would remember him in your

bed, where "the ſleep of the labourer is ſweet;" and "think upon him when ye were waking," whether ye went forth to your labours, or were returning from the field; to you the outgoings of the morning and evening would appear conſtantly to praiſe him.

This religious temper would produce in you a habit of piety that would be manifeſted to all. Ye would not only give thanks to God in ſecret, but would regularly attend public worſhip, at that ſolemn period when the whole Chriſtian world, pauſing from labour and from care, fall down before the throne of the Moſt High. The Sabbath would be peculiarly endeared to you, as ye would then be delighted with the ſacred hiſtory, which records, in many places, the tranſactions of huſbandmen, and their piety towards God. You would there obſerve, with increaſing pleaſure, many images drawn from rural life; and the duties of your ſtation, clothed with an holineſs unknown before, would appear like the actual ſervices of religion.

Nor, as goodwill to man is inſeparable from gratitude to God, would ye be leſs diſtinguiſhed for doing good. Cheriſhed by the bounties of your Heavenly Father, ye would endeavour to imitate his goodneſs: In all your dealings ye will be open, juſt, and generous; ſimplicity and godly ſincerity will

mark

mark your converſation. Your humanity will alſo extend to every animal in ſubjection to you; ye will, at all times, be merciful to the cattle that ſo powerfully aſſiſt you in tilling the ground, and will allow them, on the Sabbath Day, that reſt from labour which they ſo well deſerve.

Finally; imprint it deeply on your hearts that you, who have the various benefits and bleſſings of the Creator riſing daily before your eyes, are of all men moſt inexcuſable if you prove ungrateful to GOD, or uncharitable to your fellow creatures. Endeavour, therefore, to preſerve in your minds a lively ſenſe of his bleſſings, which can only be done by frequent meditations: this will ſhew you your peculiar duties in a ſtrong and clear light, will bring you to a delightful habit of gratitude and benevolence, and you will walk with increaſing pleaſure in the path of life which Providence hath allotted you; your days will paſs calmly and ſerenely happy, and your nights be crowned with ſweet repoſe; you will live in peace, and die in the bleſſed hope of a glorious immortality.

*** *Almoſt the whole of this concluſion is taken from Polwhele's Diſcourſes.*

ON WINTER.

Pſalm lxxiv. Ver. 17.

Thou haſt made Winter.

IF we were to examine the works of the Creator more attentively than we do, we ſhould find, even at this ſeaſon of year, many reaſons to rejoice in his goodneſs, and to praiſe the wonders of his wiſdom. Few perſons are ſo inſenſible as not to feel emotions of pleaſure and gratitude when the Spring, the Summer, and Autumn, richly diſplay the bounties and the bleſſings of Heaven; but, when they ſee the trees ſtripped of their fruit, and the fields without verdure; when the bleak winds whiſtle around their dwellings; when "GOD giveth ſnow "like wool, and ſcattereth the hoar froſt like aſhes," their hearts are ſeldom affected by gratitude.

The other ſeaſons, the value of which is ſo little felt whilſt they paſs, are often extravagantly commended in the Winter, when they can be no longer enjoyed. Such is the too common diſpoſition of men;

men; they do not eſteem the bleſſings they poſſeſs as they ought, nor know their value, 'till they are deprived of them.

But is it indeed true that the Spring, the Summer, and the Autumn alone deſerve our attention and praiſe; and that Winter is deprived of the bleſſings of Heaven, and void of motives to gratitude and piety?

If we could ſee the chain of Providence which links all nature, great would be our admiration of the wiſdom and goodneſs of its Author. But, however incapable we are of forming a judgment of the whole of the Creator's Works, the little we do underſtand of them gives us abundant reaſon to acknowledge that the government of God is infinitely wiſe and good. Winter is a part of the Creator's plan; and, if we conſider it ſeriouſly, we ſhall find great reaſon, even in winter, to praiſe our conſtant benefactor.

Millions of rational creatures, diſperſed through the different countries of the world, are provided, at this ſeaſon, with all the neceſſaries of life. But we muſt not confine the wiſdom and goodneſs of God to mankind; his care, during the winter, extends to animals far more in number than the rational creatures that inhabit the earth, who find their food

food on the ſurface and in the boſom of the earth, in the fields, the foreſts, and mountains, in caves, and the hollow parts of rocks, in the rivers and the ſeas: and, however wonderful the preſervation of mankind may be, we muſt confeſs that the care of Providence towards animals is a ſtill more aſtoniſhing proof of the wiſdom, power, and goodneſs of GOD; who "openeth his hand, and giveth unto "all his creatures their meat in every ſeaſon."

That the prodigious number of animals which the world contains ſhould find food and habitation during the Summer is not, perhaps, ſo ſurpriſing; but that, in this ſeaſon of the year, when the earth ſeems exhauſted by its fruitfulneſs, the ſame number of creatures ſhould continue to exiſt is truly aſtoniſhing.

To guard animals againſt the uſual ſeverity of the weather, Providence has furniſhed moſt of them with a covering which enables them to endure the cold. Some are covered with hair; ſome with fur; others with feathers; and many with ſcales and ſhells. Each animal has what beſt ſuits it; nothing unneceſſary, nothing wanting; and every thing ſo complete, even in the loweſt creature, that all the art of man cannot imitate it. Many animals alſo, when the cold obliges them to quit their Summer dwellings, find a retreat in "clefts of the rocks" and

caves; whither ſome of them carry beforehand the food which is to ſupport them during Winter. This cannot be done from foreſight in theſe creatures, for that would be to ſuppoſe them endowed with more underſtanding than they poſſeſs; it muſt therefore be in conſequence of the direction of a ſuperior power, whoſe views they fulfil without knowing it.

There are alſo animals who find their ſubſiſtence under ſnow and ice; and, probably, many means made uſe of by Providence for the preſervation of his creatures are unknown to us. One circumſtance is particularly remarkable; namely, that ſeveral animals paſs the Winter in a profound ſleep: Their bodies ſeem to be ſo formed that the cold benumbs them, and they fall into a ſound ſleep; which continues 'till the return of heat opens the earth, cauſes their neceſſary food to ſpring, and awakens them from their heavineſs. How admirable is the wiſdom of GOD, who has pointed out to theſe creatures the places where they may ſleep in ſafety their night of Winter, when they can no longer find food; and who revives them, when the ſeaſon of their new life arrives!

Can we, on conſidering theſe things, fail to adore the gracious Father of all, to whom every animal, from the elephant to the mite, owes his dwelling, his

his food, and life? Let this conſideration ſtrengthen our confidence in our Heavenly Father. Oh "ye of "little faith," anxious, reſtleſs, and diſcontented, pauſe and reflect on the goodneſs with which the Almighty ſuſtains the beaſts of the field and the foreſt, the birds of the air, and the fiſhes of the ſea; all of whom find, in all ſeaſons, proper food and habitations; and then aſk yourſelves whether He who ſhews himſelf ſo great and good in ſmaller objects will neglect the more important; whether GOD, who does not diſdain to provide for the worm, will forget mankind? And let this conſideration teach you to imitate the generous care of Divine Providence, in contributing not only to the happineſs of your fellow creatures, but even to the welfare of every living creature. All, who are not corrupted by bad habits, are naturally inclined to compaſſion towards every thing that has life and feeling. This diſpoſition does honour to man; and he who has rooted it out has but one ſtep more to make; which is, to refuſe to his fellow creatures the compaſſion he denies to beaſts, and he will then be a *monſter*.

But the goodneſs of GOD in the appointment of this ſeaſon will appear ſtill more plainly, if we conſider that Winter, ſo far from being prejudicial to the fruitfulneſs of the earth, is very favourable to it; and that this is the ſeaſon of reſt ſo neceſſary to nature.

In the preceding months ſhe exerted herſelf in fulfilling the deſigns of the Creator by labouring in the ſervice of his creatures: Like a good mother of a family, ſhe employed herſelf from the morning to the evening of the year in procuring for her children the neceſſaries, the conveniencies and comforts of life. Tired of ſo many cares ſhe now reſteth; but it is only to collect new force to be employed again for the benefit of the world; to prepare in ſilence a new creation, and make the neceſſary diſpoſitions that the earth may recover, at the end of a few months, the children ſhe has loſt. This repoſe is not leſs neceſſary to us, or leſs worthy of Providence, than the activity ſhe ſhews in Spring and in Summer: and the Almighty, in granting reſt to the earth, enriches man with bleſſings; to which the Winter rains, however diſagreeable they may ſeem, very much contribute: They are the ſource of all the beauties and treaſures which the Spring and the Summer laviſh on us, and prepare for a fruitful and plentiful year; they revive the earth, fill the rivers, and furniſh the ſprings with water: the bleſſings therefore which we receive from them are as innumerable as the drops which fall from the clouds; and therefore, inſtead of murmuring on account of the Winter rains, as inconvenient and unpleaſing, we ſhould be moſt thankful, conſidering them as the cauſes of fruitfulneſs; for the earth requires not only reſt, but moiſture, to recover its ſtrength: and

to

to this gracious purpoſe does the ſnow alſo contribute. From appearances we might be inclined to think that ſnow cannot be uſeful to the earth; but the experience of all ages has taught us that nothing better ſecures corn, plants and trees from the bad effects of cold than ſnow. When diſſolved, the ſalt which it contains enriches the ground, waſhes away every thing hurtful to ſeeds and plants, and gives life and nouriſhment to all that ſprings out of the earth: agreeably to the words of the Scripture, "the rain cometh down and the ſnow from Heaven, "and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, "and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may "give ſeed to the ſower, and bread to the eater."

We all of us often ſee ſnow fall, but very few of us, it is to be feared, conſider its nature or its uſe. Such, however, is the fate of many things which we have almoſt daily before our eyes, though we receive great advantages from them. Let us learn to be wiſer; and reflect that GOD hath ordained that the rain, which in the Summer cools and refreſhes the earth, ſhould, in the Winter, fall in the form of ſoft wool, and ſcreen the fruits of it from the inclemency of the cold.

Snow affords us alſo another very uſeful reflection: it reminds us of our weakneſs. What could all the induſtry and ſtrength of men do, ſhould they undertake

undertake to remove the ice and ſnow? God, however, does this with the greateſt eaſe: He ſpeaks, and it is gone: His winds blow; it thaws, and is ſeen no more. And it is not without deſign that theſe images of the frailty of worldly things are preſented to our view: they are intended to teach us the uncertainty of earthly things, and that our preſent pleaſures are like ſnow, which dazzles the eye, but ſoon melts and diſappears.

But although the earth, at this ſeaſon, may be compared to a mother who has been deprived of thoſe children from whom ſhe had the beſt hopes, ſhe is not bereaved of all her children. Many vegetables preſerve their verdure in winter, and loſe none of their Summer ornaments; and they are emblems of that virtue which is immortal, and ſurvives all outward beauty: emblems of that moſt reſpectable character, a benevolent old man; who, in the Winter of his life reſembles thoſe plants which flouriſh with undecaying verdure; in whom a mild chearfulneſs, the happy remains of his Spring time, is ſeen; whoſe virtues make ample amends for the ravages which the hand of time may have made on his perſon; and whoſe wiſdom, integrity, and experience, ſerve for examples and leſſons to all around him.

We

We have reaſon alſo to praiſe God that the Winter, far from being injurious to health, often ſtrengthens it. The Spring and the Autumn are dangerous on account of the ſudden changes of weather; and, in the Summer, the air is often filled with vapours diſpoſed to corruption. Winter has not theſe inconveniencies; we have then more activity and ſtrength, the cold gives us ſpirits, excites us to exerciſe, and thus contributes to our health as well as pleaſure. The Creator hath conſidered our welfare in this ſeaſon as much as in others; and has formed the wiſeſt plans for the preſervation and happineſs of his creatures throughout the year. If men do not enjoy as good health in Winter as in other ſeaſons, it is *often* their own fault: perhaps, they paſs it in idleneſs, in revelling and drunkenneſs; perhaps they have made a bad uſe of the Summer, and now reap what they have ſowed.

Conſidered only in theſe lights, Winter is certainly very uſeful; and, even ſuppoſing that its advantages were not ſo apparent, it would be ſufficient for us to know that Winter is the work of the Creator, and that all which comes from him muſt be for the beſt. They alſo who are deſirous of making uſe of every opportunity to improve their hearts will gladly be reminded of the obligation they are under of employing even their Winter days ſo as to become days of comfort to their ſouls. It is eaſy

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to prove how agreeable as well as advantageous this duty would be. How rational and chearful would our piety be, if each new appearance of nature led us to trace it up to our Father and our God! When we ſee the earth covered with ſnow, the rivers clogged with ice, the trees ſtripped of their leaves, and the whole face of nature barren and deſolate, let us reflect on the deſign of the Creator in thus ordaining it, and we ſhall ſoon be convinced that every thing is planned with wiſdom, and that all the laws of Providence combine for the general good.

There are many objects at this ſeaſon which may furniſh us with uſeful reflections, and not only agreeably employ our minds, but amend our hearts. The ſhortneſs of the days ſhould lead us to reflect on the ſhort duration of human life; and the wiſdom, the importance and neceſſity of making a good uſe of our time: and the ſuddenneſs with which night ſometimes comes on, and interrupts us in the midſt of our employments, ſhould teach us to be careful that death does not ſurpriſe us when we leaſt expect it, in the midſt of our ſchemes for many years to come.

As nature, after fulfilling the deſigns of the Creator, reſteth from her labours during Winter; ſo man, whoſe proviſion is made, and whoſe wants ſupplied,

plied, enjoys a repoſe ſuitable to the ſeaſon. Happy they who employ it in cultivating their minds, improving their hearts, and laying up the treaſure of good works.

Does the Winter contribute to our health? Let us then not be ſo imprudent as to make that ſeaſon diſagreeable, or painful, which may be the ſource of the pureſt pleaſures, nor deſtroy, by intemperance, that health which the Lord of Life would preſerve with ſo much goodneſs.

Laſtly—Have we a warm dwelling? do we enjoy the conveniencies and the comforts of life? Should not this teach us to conſider our poor fellow-creatures; ſome of whom, ſore pierced by wintry winds, have, perhaps, neither food, nor fire, nor raiment; are ſtretched upon the bed of ſickneſs, and too modeſt to proclaim their wants? Winter renders beneficence to the poor the more neceſſary, becauſe it increaſes their wants; and we give a double value to our kindneſs when we beſtow it ſeaſonably. The more the ſeverity of the ſeaſon increaſes, the more ready we ſhould be to relieve the neceſſitous, and to pour into the boſom of poverty all that we can ſpare. It is our duty to ſoften the calamities of our diſtreſſed fellow-creatures, to give them of our abundance, or ſhare our little with them. Recollect that the mercy and goodneſs of the God of Seaſons

continually attend you through all the changing ſcenes of life; that if you are happy in your health, your fortune, and character, you owe all to him; that it is he who "cauſeth one man to differ from "another;" and that the beſt return you can make for his mercies and bleſſings, is to ſoften, as you can, the diſtreſſes of your fellow creatures, and to permit no one to ſink under miſery, which it is in your power to relieve.

FINIS.

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